THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 20, 1792.

Concise Exposition of the Reasons which have determined his Majesty the King of Prussia to take up arms against France.—Published at Berlin, July 24, 1792.

HIS Prussian Majesty flatters himself that the powers of Europe, and the public in general, did not wait for this exposition to fix their opinion on the justice of the cause they are going to defend.

In effect, unless the obligations which the engagements of the King and his political connexions require of him be willingly denied, or facts designedly established, and unless people shut their eyes on the conduct of the present Government of France, there cannot remain a doubt but every person may discover, that the warlike measures which the King, with regret, has resolved upon, are only the natural consequences of the violent resolutions which the fury of the party who reign in that kingdom has made him adopt, and of which it is easy to perceive the fatal consequences.

Not contented with having openly violated, by notorious suppression, the rights and possessions of the German Princes in Alsace and Lorrain, and the treaties which unite France to the German empire; which having given course to the subversive principles of all social subordination, and thereby affected the repose and felicity of other nations; and with having sought to spread in other countries, by the propagation of these principles, the seeds of the licentiousness and anarchy which have overthrown France; with having tolerated, received, and

fold even the most outrageous writings and speeches against the sacred person and legal authority of Sovereigns; those who have seized the reins of French Administration have, at length, filled the measure of their guilt, by declaring an unjust war against his Majesty the King of Hungary and Bohemia, and have immediately followed this declaration with effective hostilities committed against the Belgic Provinces of this Monarch.

The German empire, of which the Austrian Pays Bas is part, as the circle of Bourgogne, is necessarily found included in this aggression. But other facts still do but too much justify the fear of hostile invasions, which the menacing preparations of the French on the frontiers have for a long time given birth to in Germany. The territories of the Bishop of Bale, an incontestible part of the empire, have been occupied by a detachment of the French army, and are still remaining in its power and at its discretion.

Incursions of the troops of the same nation, or of rebel corps assembled under their auspices, have laid waste the country of Liege. It is to be foreseen with certainty, that as soon as the conveniencies of war appear to advise them, the other provinces of Germany will experience the same effects; and it suffices to know their local position, to feel for the imminent danger to which they are constantly exposed.

It would be superfluous to enter into a detail of the facts which are now alledged. They are notorious, and the whole empire has been, and is still, daily witnesses thereof.

It will equally be dispensed with to discuss here the evident injustice of the aggression of the French.

If it were possible that any doubts could remain on this subject in the mind of any person whatever, they would be entirely removed by weighing with impartiality the unanswerable arguments contained on this part in the diplomatique pieces published by the Cabinet of Vienna.

His Prussian Majesty has with pleasure entertained hopes, that at length, after so many agitations and inconsequential proceedings, the persons who direct the French Administration would return back to the principles of moderation and wisdom, and thereby avoid the extremities to which things are unfortunately come. It was with this salutary view, that at the commencement of the military preparations of France on the frontiers, founded on the asylum granted by some States to the French emigrants, that he charged Comte de Goltz, his Minister at Paris, to declare to the Ministry of his Most

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Christian Majesty (as the Charge des Affaires of his Majesty, the then reigning Emperor, had also orders to do) "That he looked upon an invasion of French troops on the territories of the German Empire, as a declaration of war, and would oppose it with all his forces."

The same Minister, after receiving orders, found the Charge des Affaires of his Majesty, the Emperor, in a number of representations, making known, in the most express manner, that the King was invariably pursuing the same line with his Apostolic Majesty respecting the affairs of France. The event has shewn how little the hope of the King, as to the effect be promised from these energetic declarations, was well founded; but at least the party, whose furious determinations have brought on hostilities, can never have any pretext on account of their ignorance of his Majesty's intentions.—And it is particularly the general principles publicly manifested by the two National Assemblies—principles which attack all Governments, and endeavour to shake them in their basis, that France has to blame for the effusion of human blood, and the evils which present circumstances have already brought, and may in future bring upon her.

United with his Apostolic Majesty by the ties of a close and defensive alliance, his Prussian Majesty cannot act contrary to his engagements, and remain a quiet spectator of the war declared against this Sovereign. He has not then hesitated to recal his Minister from Paris, and to act with vigour in defence of his ally.

As a principal Member of the Germanic corps, he is further obligated by his relations in this quality to march to the succour of his co-estates against the attacks they have already experienced, and with which they are daily threatened. It is thus, under the double connection of ally of his Apostolic Majesty, and a powerful state of the empire, that his Majesty takes up arms; and it is the defence of the States of this Monarch and of Germany which forms the first aim of these armaments.

But the King would but imperfectly fulfil the principles he hereby professes, if he did not extend his efforts to another sort of defence which his patriotic sentiments equally impose on him as a duty.

Every body knows how the National Assembly of France, contrary to the most sacred laws of the *Droit des Gens*, and against the express tenor of treaties, have deprived the German Princes of their incontestible rights and possessions in Alsace and Lorrain, and the reclamations which a number of

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these Princes themselves have published; the deliberations and *Arretes* of the Diet of Ratisbon on this important matter, will also serve to furnish all those who wish to be informed, with the most convincing proofs of the injustice of the proceedings of the French Government in this respect, which has not hitherto proposed to grant a full indemnity to the aggrieved parties; but adopting a peremptory language and threatening measures, only offered indemnities entirely insufficient and inadmissible.

It is worthy of the King, and of his august ally, to have justice rendered to these oppressed Princes, and thereby to maintain the faith of treaties, the sole basis of union and reciprocal confidence between people, and the essential foundation of their tranquillity and welfare.

It is, in short, a last design of the armaments of the King, more extensive still than the former, and not less worthy of the sage and well-intended views of the allied Courts. It tends to prevent the incurable evils which still result to France, to Europe, to all mankind, from this fatal spirit of general insubordination, of subverting all the powers, of licence *(liberte trop grande)*, and of anarchy, of which it might have been expected that an unhappy experience should have already stopped the progress.

There is not any power interested to maintain the balance of Europe, to whom it can be indifferent to see the kingdom of France, which hitherto formed so considerable a weight in this great balance, given up any longer to the interior agitations and the horrors of disorder and anarchy, which, it may be said, have destroyed its political existence; there cannot be any Frenchman, truly loving his country, who does not ardently desire to see these terminated: in short, no man, sincerely a friend to humanity, who cannot but aspire to see limits put, as well to the progress of a mistaken liberty, a dazzling phantom, which leads the people far from the road of their true welfare, in altering the happy ties of attachment and confidence, which ought to unite them, their princes, their fathers, and their defenders; or especially to the unbridled furies of the wicked, who only seek to destroy the respect due to governments, for the purpose of sacrificing, on the ruins of thrones, to the idol of their insatiable ambition, or to a vile cupidity.

To put an end to anarchy in France, to establish for this purpose a legal power on the essential basis of a monarchical form, and, by this, giving security to other governments against the incendiary attempts and efforts of a frantic troop; such is the

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grand object which the King, conjointly with his ally, still proposes, being assured in this noble enterprize, not only of the wishes of all the powers of Europe, who acknowledge its justice and necessity, but, in general, of the suffrages and the wishes of every person who sincerely desires the welfare of mankind.

His Majesty is far from throwing the blame of these faults, which have forced him to take up arms, on the whole French nation; he is persuaded that a part, and, without doubt, the most numerous of this esteemed nation, abhor the excesses of a faction but too powerful; and seeing the dangers to which these intrigues lead, strongly desires the return of justice, of order, and of peace. Unfortunately experience has shewn, that the powerful influence of this party is still but too real, although the event has already demonstrated the nullity of these culpable projects, founded on insurrections, which it only seeks to foment. The difference of sentiments of persons well intentioned, however certain they are, are hereby only for the moment little felt in their effects. But his Majesty hopes, that, in opening at last their eyes to the dreadful situation of their country, they will display all the energy which such a just cause ought to inspire, and that they will look on the allied troops, assembled on the frontiers, as their protectors and true friends, of whom providence will favour the arms; and they will know how to reduce to their just value the factious, who have put France in a state of fermentation, and who alone will be responsible for the blood which their criminal enterprizes may cause to be shed.

Berlin, June 26, 1792.

An Account of the Fete celebrated at Paris on the 15*th of April*, 1792, *in Honour of the Swiss Regiment called Chateaux Vieux, and of the Occasion of it; in which is introduced an Anecdote highly honourable to Female Affection.*

By Miss Helen Maria Williams.

YOU have heard no doubt that we have had a fête at Paris, on account of the arrival of the soldiers de Chateau-Vieux: but to give you an idea of all the disturbance, animosity, quarrels, and contention, which preceded this *civic* fête, would

would be somewhat difficult. For a fortnight before it took place the whole town of Paris was thrown into the most violent agitation. The approaching war seemed forgotten.—Francis might threaten, and Prussia might arm; but all consideration of foreign affairs was laid aside, and the soldiers of Chateau-Vieux, solely occupied the public attention. This Swiss regiment, called Chateau-Vieux, was one of those regiments which were encamped in the Champ de Mars before the revolution, and which were destined to massacre the Parisians, dissolve the States-General, and lay waste the city of Paris. But the soldiers of Chateau-Vieux disdained to act the part which had been assigned them in this bloody tragedy: they refused to become the assassins of the Parisians, and declared to their officers their resolution to break their arms in pieces, sooner than employ them against the citizens. That soldiers should dare before they drew their swords to deliberate whether the cause was just,—that when the word of command for murder was given, they should refuse to obey, because murder is a crime—was an example of morality, which, if it became contagious, would, it was immediately felt, prove absolutely destructive to the good old cause of arbitrary power; and it was resolved to punish the soldiers of Chateau-Vieux for having dared to reason, when fighting was the only thing for which they had received orders.

The regiment of Chateau-Vieux was sent to Nancy in that division which Bouillé commanded, and there Bouillé, who had already formed his plan of treason, attempted to light up the flames of civil war. He led the National Guards, collected in haste from the neighbouring municipalities, against the citizens of Nancy. The soldiers of Chateau-Vieux defended these citizens; both parties were in the most fatal error; a profusion of blood was shed; and Bouillé on this occasion acted a fit prelude to that design of betraying his country which he had formed at the very moment when he accepted the command of a considerable force, and had sworn fidelity to the new government. Compared to the baseness of such conduct, the bold open defiance of the party at Coblentz has something in it manly and honourable.

The day after the action at Nancy, when the streets were strewed with dead bodies, among which were 200 soldiers of Chateau-Vieux, Bouillé assembled a council of war, which condemned 22 soldiers of this regiment to be hanged, and one to be broke upon the wheel. The last words of this victim

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were * *Bientôt Bouillé sera reconnu pour un traître—Vive la nation!*—and his eyes closed themselves in death.

A few of the unfortunate soldiers of Chateaux-Vieux still survived, and the National Assembly passed the decree for their deliverance. This decree remained long unsanctioned; but, in the mean time, the soldiers of Chateaux-Vieux received from the patriots of Brest, all the support and consolation which their situation admitted. The ladies of Brest visited the galley where they were chained, and shed tears upon their fetters, while the patriots of Paris wearied the ministers with applications in their behalf, and the decree at length received the royal assent. The soldiers of Chateau-Vieux left Brest and came to Paris, in order to offer the tribute of their gratitude at the bar of the National Assembly, and to declare that the only use they desired to make of the liberty to which they were restored, was that of shedding the last drop of their blood for the French nation.

On their way from Brest to Paris, they were received in every town through which they passed with the most cordial welcome. They were considered as the victims of the common cause; fêtes were prepared for their reception; and blessings were poured forth upon the National Assembly for having restored them to liberty.

The people of Paris feeling the same impressions, determined also to prepare a fête for their reception. The citizens made a voluntary contribution for this purpose, and the plan of a very magnificent procession was formed. But here the tale of discord begins. The enemies of the public peace saw in this projected fête an opportunity of fomenting disorder and troubles, too favourable to be lost. Reports were rapidly circulated through Paris, that this triumphal entry of the soldiers of Chateau-Vieux was intended as an insult to the National Guard, who had fought against them. Placards on this subject were pasted up in every street, hand-bills were distributed, incendiary pamphlets were published, the minds of the people became inflamed: it was asserted that the fête would end in a massacre—in short, every thing was asserted that passion and party-rage could suggest.

The citizens, however, had gone too far to recede: the fête took place, and was the more singular and interesting from being stripped of much of its intended splendour. No person was

* Bouillé will soon be found to be a traitor—Long live the nation!

was suffered to carry arms, and the soldiers of Chateau-Vieux, instead of mounting a triumphal car which had been prepared for them, were mixed undistinguished with the crowd. The fête, however, notwithstanding the gloomy augurs which had preceded it, passed without the smallest disorder.

The people, who were assembled to the number of between 3 and 400,000, formed their own police; and, finding some difficulty at setting out in marshalling the procession, every one being ambitious to have a place near the triumphal car of liberty, a gardener picked a wheat-ear, with which the people consented to regulate the order of the march, and wherever the wheat-ear was carried, immediately ranged themselves in good order.

Thus marshalled by a wheat-ear, instead of being kept in their places as formerly by the point of bayonets, the people, whom their enemies had accused of the most dark and atrocious designs, advanced towards the Champ de Mars, indulging themselves in all the enthusiasm of simple and affectionate joy. They danced, they sung hymns to liberty, they filled the air with cries of, *Vive la nation!*

We saw the procession from the apartments of Monsieur Desormeaux, in the Palais de Bourbon. This gentleman, who is a man of letters, was many years librarian to the Prince de Condé; but, instead of following that Prince to Coblentz, he has chosen to share the fortunes of his country. We have received from him all those polite attentions for which the French have so long been distinguished, and which I hope they will never lose; for why, in acquiring the great, should they renounce the amiable qualities?—But to return to the fête.—The people do not always reason very logically; and therefore, instead of concluding, as they ought to have done, that since the aristocrates of the Palais de Bourbon were fled, those who remained behind were probably good patriots, their conclusions took quite another turn. They could associate no ideas of patriotism with the Palais de Bourbon, and accused us of aristocracy as they approached. But they did not remain long in this error. They soon perceived that we were entirely disposed to sympathize in their festivity, and also that part of the company were Englishwomen: while the gentlemen from our windows repeatedly called out in as loud voices as they could, *Vive la nation!* the people answered by crying, "*Vivent les Angloises!*"

I have just heard an interesting circumstance relating to a soldier of Chateau-Vieux, who is now come to Paris, in order to meet

meet his old comrades. This young man was of the number of thofe whom the council of war at Nancy had condemned to die. He had gained the affections of a girl who was an inhabitant of Nancy. With that anguifh of heart which thofe who have loved can perhaps conceive, and which to thofe who have not it were vain to defcribe, this unhappy girl faw her lover led to execution.

The gloomy proceffion paffed by the houfe in which fhe lived; and in the confufion, the tumult, and diforder occafioned by the number of foldiers who were led together to execution, and by the rage, the defpair, the violent emotions which agitated the fpectators, this girl contrived to fnatch her lover from the fate that threatened him, and concealed him in a garret of the houfe fhe inhabited. How fhe effected this, it is difficult to imagine: but you are not ignorant that love is fertile in expedients; and however it happened, the fact is certain. In this garret the young man lived concealed from every eye but that of his miftrefs, and fuftained by the food which fhe purchafed with the labour of her hands, and which fhe brought to him in fecret. You will imagine the pleafure with which fhe toiled to fupply the wants of her lover, and the tears of tendernefs and gratitude with which fhe bathed the hands that miniftered to his neceffities.

At the end of two months his father, a rich farmer in one of the Swifs cantons, uncertain of the fate of his only child, and unable to endure any longer the agonies of fufpenfe, arrived at Nancy in fearch of his fon. In vain he fought him, in vain he queftioned every perfon he met concerning him; no tidings, no traces of him were to be found. The wretched parent wandered up and down the ftreets of Nancy in defpair. At length he was told that there was a young perfon in the town to whom his fon had been much attached; and he was directed to the houfe where the young man lay concealed. The girl, when queftioned about her lover, at firft fufpected fome treachery, and denied having any knowledge of what had befallen him. But fhe foon perceived in the tears which ftreamed plentifully down the old man's cheeks, in the agony which feemed to be bending his grey hairs to the grave, the genuine feelings of nature. She wept with him, and at length told him, that if he would call the following day, fhe would perhaps have it in her power to give him fome tidings of his fon. The old man departed: the girl flew to her lover, to whom fhe defcribed his figure, and the young man recognized the image of his father. The next day when the old man returned, the girl led him in

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ſilence to the chamber where his ſon was concealed. You will imagine better than I can paint the ſcene that followed.—The young ſoldier, after weeping a long while on his father's neck, told him, in a voice interrupted by ſobs, what he owed to the generous attachment of his miſtreſs; and the father, with a thouſand bleſſings, and the aſſurance of an ample proviſion, joined their hands together.

A recent Deciſion reſpecting Free-Maſons.

AT the laſt aſſizes, held at Maidſtone, for the county of Kent, a cauſe was tried, wherein Mr. Smith, of Maidſtone, was plaintiff, and Mr. Perfect, of Weſt-Malling, defendant. This action was brought to recover a ſatisfaction in damages, for writing and publiſhing a libel, highly reflecting on the character of the plaintiff, and cauſing the ſame to be printed and circulated through every Maſon's Lodge in the kingdom. The moſt remarkable circumſtances in this cauſe were in the evidence of a reverend gentleman, who contended, that the defendant having read the ſame in the Lodge at Malling, and having obtained the conſent of a majority of the members then preſent to have it printed, it was no longer the act of the defendant as an individual, but immediately became the act of the Lodge at large. It was aſſerted, that it was a cuſtom among maſons, whenever any of its members were guilty of an offence againſt the principles of morality, to print and ſend an account thereof to every Maſons' Lodge in the kingdom, to the intent that ſuch perſon ſhould not be permitted to viſit any Lodges in future. The defendant called no witneſſes; the Jury gave the plaintiff 50l. with full coſts.

AN ANECDOTE.

A Few days ſince as a man, who travels about the country with a monkey and a dancing bear, was exhibiting their tricks on the road from Uxbridge to Windſor, the bear tumbled into a ditch, and it being rather a hot day, and tired with dancing, Bruin choſe to remain in the cool ſituation, notwithſtanding all the endeavours of his maſter to get him out. After remaining in that ſtate ſome time, a couple of horſes came by belonging to a gentleman, with his ſervant with them; a rope was fixed round Bruin's neck, and being tied to the horſes to

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draw him out, the bear immediately ſet up a moſt horrid roar, which ſo frightened the horſes, that they ſet off, with Bruin at their heels, until they arrived at a turnpike-gate, where they were ſtopped, and relieved from their ſhaggy load. The conſternation that this ſtrange ſight occaſioned to paſſengers and the villages they paſſed, is incredible; ſome thinking they were actually drawing the D—l after them. Poor Bruin was obliged to be killed, being ſo very much fatigued and overcome by the journey.

THE WIDOW: A CHARACTER.

[From Mrs. Wolſtonecraft's Rights of Women.]

LET fancy preſent a woman with a tolerable underſtanding, for I do not wiſh to leave the line of mediocrity, whoſe conſtitution, ſtrengthened by exerciſe, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the ſame time, gradually expanding itſelf to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity conſiſt.

Formed thus by the diſcharge of the relative duties of her ſtation, ſhe marries from affection, without loſing ſight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, ſhe ſecures her huſband's reſpect before it is neceſſary to exert mean arts to pleaſe him and feed a dying flame, which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendſhip and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection.—This is the natural death of love, and domeſtic peace is not deſtroyed by ſtruggles to prevent its extinction. I alſo ſuppoſe the huſband to be virtuous; or ſhe is ſtill more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie.—She is left a widow, perhaps, without a ſufficient proviſion; but ſhe is not deſolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has ſoftened ſorrow into melancholy reſignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondneſs, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a ſacred heroic caſt to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye ſees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now muſt flow, and whoſe approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abſtracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand cloſed, may ſtill ſee how ſhe ſubdues every wayward paſſion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the

mother of her children. Raiſed to heroiſm by misfortunes, ſhe repreſſes the firſt faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her ſex—forgets the pleaſure of an awakening paſſion, which might again have been inſpired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleaſing, and conſcious dignity prevents her from priding herſelf on account of the praiſe which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brighteſt hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often ſtrays.

I think I ſee her ſurrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets her's, while health and innocence ſmile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up the cares of life are leſſened by their grateful attention. She lives to ſee the virtues which ſhe endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to ſee her children attain a ſtrength of character ſufficient to enable them to endure adverſity without forgetting their mother's example.

The taſk of life thus fulfilled, ſhe calmly waits for the ſleep of death, and riſing from the grave, may ſay—"Behold thou gaveſt me a talent—and here are five talents."

Some Account of the Life of Madame de Maintenon.

[From the French of M. Antequil, Regular Canon of the Congregation of France, &c.]

(Concluded from Page 164.)

THE death of Scarron ſoon followed; and the difficulties that attended the widow in her ſolicitations for the continuance of his penſion induced her to accept the offer of accompanying Mademoiſelle de Nemeurs, who was going to be married to the King of Portugal. But before ſhe bade adieu to her country, ſhe wiſhed to be introduced to Madame de Monteſpan. The favourite of Lewis, in the height of grandeur, did not diſdain the miſery of her old acquaintance. They converſed together with much familiarity on old topics that were intereſting to both; and Madame de Monteſpan even ſhewed an anxiety to aſſiſt her friend.

Madame de Monteſpan, when ſhe ſaw Madame de Scarron at this time, could not but recollect her merit. She was then looking out for a perſon to whom ſhe might entruſt the children ſhe had by the King, and none appeared more proper for that

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truſt than this widow. As her circumſtances were ſo narrow, it was expected that ſhe would eagerly catch at the propoſal. But, either from averſion to a ſtate of ſubjection and dependence, or thinking that the employment would diſgrace her birth, ſhe refuſed all her friends, refuſed even a miniſter who was commiſſioned to make the propoſal, and required that the King, in perſon, ſhould communicate his will to her.

There have been few other inſtances of ſo laborious a life as that to which ſhe ſubjected herſelf, and which ſhe began about the year 1670. She was continually engaged in the care of thoſe children; day and night ſhe watched anxiouſly over the perſons whom ſhe employed about them; their ſlighteſt indiſpoſitions alarmed her to ſuch a degree as affected her own health; as if actually their mother, ſhe truſted nothing to others, but what ſhe could not do herſelf. The King ſurpriſed her one morning, ſupporting with one hand the Duke of Maine, who was in a fever, rocking Mademoiſelle de Nantz in her cradle with the other, and holding the Count de Vexin aſleep on her knee. At this ſight, Lewis, who was a very affectionate father, gave the governeſs an hundred thouſand francs*. Her penſion of two thouſand livres had been before raiſed to two thouſand crowns. Thus, ſhe had a proſpect of living one day at liberty, and in eaſy circumſtances, in whatever retreat ſhe might chooſe to retire to.

While her attention was ſo entirely engroſſed by the duties which ſhe had impoſed on herſelf, ſhe ſeldom ſaw her old acquaintance, yet did not entirely neglect them; and, however much her mind might be occupied by the concerns of her charge, in company ſhe was always as entertaining, and as attentive to her friends, as if that had been her only taſk. "We ſupped laſt night with Madame Scarron," writes Madame de Sevigné to her daughter. "We found it very pleaſant to conduct her, about midnight, to the farther end of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, very near Vaugirard, in the country, into a fine large houſe, ſituated by itſelf. She has large gardens, and ſpacious and elegant apartments. She has a carriage, horſes, and ſervants. She dreſſes richly, but modeſtly, juſt as becomes a woman who paſſes her life with people of quality. She is amiable, beautiful, good, and unaffected. Her converſation is very agreeable."

Beſides the preſents abovementioned, we have an account of her acquiſition of the eſtate of Maintenon, the name of which

* Francs or livres. About 4166l. ſterling.

which she takes—of the gradual ascendency she gains over the King, and the esteem in which even the Queen held her. The death of the latter occasions some embarrassments to Madame de Maintenon, who, even in that licentious court, had preserved a decorum and propriety of manners equalled only by her exemplary virtue. Our author goes very much at large into the inquiry, whether or no she was married to Lewis; and as this disquisition cannot but be curious to such as interest themselves in this wonderful character, we shall transcribe as much of it as our limits will admit:

Many people have imagined, and some indeed have affirmed, that Madame de Maintenon, for a long time, had this great purpose in view; that all her actions tended that way; that, by artful stratagems, and a sort of coquetry, under the mask of wisdom, or hypocrisy disguised by religion, she had inveigled Lewis XIV. To use the phrase of St. Simon, "Providence thus appointed to the most haughty of Kings, the deepest, the most public, lasting, and unexampled humiliation." These assertions merit discussion the more, that the marriage of Lewis XIV. with Madame de Maintenon is perhaps the most important action in the private life of that Monarch, and what had the greatest influence on the court. Let us then examine if this marriage can be considered as an infringement of decorum; what were the King's reasons for resolving on it; if it was necessary; and what advantages Madame de Maintenon could expect by contracting it. From all this we shall be enabled to judge of the purity of her motives.

"1. It will not be denied, that a man, at the age of forty-seven, has a right to seek refuge in marriage from the uneasiness of widowhood; much less can it be disputed, that a King, surrounded by a crowd of rapacious syrens, whose only aim is to make him their prey, is entitled to exercise this right. Father to a Prince, whose consort was already fruitful, and who was likely to bring more heirs to the throne, it would have been imprudent in Lewis to introduce a new family into his house, already loaded with the charge of providing for several legitimated Princes and Princesses. He found, in his court, a woman of fifty-five years, whose birth was not so high as to entitle her to that public rank which he was willing to bestow; nor was it so mean as to make him ashamed of his connexion. Frances d'Aubigné could reckon back seventeen generations, to Geofrey d'Aubigné, who was a Knight in 1160. Her descent was not less noble on the side of Mademoiselle de Cardillac, her mother. Her connexion with a gentleman of the law,

law, and of a good family, had he been an obſcure blockhead, would never have expoſed her to public ridicule; but as he happened to be a celebrated genius, whoſe burleſque muſe had excited the envy and reſentment of rival wits, theſe wrecked their ſpleen on his widow, in a ſtrain of irony that, in the opinion of many, ought not to have been diſregarded by his Majeſty. This accidental blemiſh, if it can be called a blemiſh, is, however, the only circumſtance that can ſubject the King's behaviour to the imputation of the ſmalleſt impropriety.

2. We have already mentioned, that the King, became, as it were, inſenſibly habituated to Madame de Maintenon, whom he diſliked at firſt. Thoſe attachments that ſucceed to averſions are often the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting; becauſe they are the reſult of reflection and experience. He had remarked, that ſhe was affectionate and attentive in the management of his children, and careful in educating them; that ſhe was patient in her diſputes with Madame de Monteſpan, and above ſhewing hatred, or a deſign of revenge, though conſtantly oppoſed and inſulted by her rival; prudent in beſtowing her confidence; gentle, cheerful, and ſympathiſing with his weakneſſes, without flattering him in his errors. She had the art of rendering the auſterities of religion agreeable to the King, by encouraging his hopes, rather than chiding him for his faults. Had ſhe not been ſincere in her profeſſions of piety, ſhe would have been unable to conceal her hypocriſy ſo long from a perſon who had every opportunity, and was ſo deeply intereſted, to diſcover her real character. In ſhort, grateful for the favours of Lewis, ſorrowful at his misfortunes, and happy at his ſucceſs, ſhe made him experience the charms of friendſhip; a feeling, new indeed to the heart of a King.

Her contemporaries, even her enemies, all agree that ſhe had an excellent underſtanding; was agreeable in converſation, and poſſeſſed uncommon acuteneſs and ſagacity. Though they had been ſilent on this head, her letters afford a ſufficient proof of her talents. In theſe we diſcover a graceful eaſe and ſimplicity, a purity of ſtyle, a ſweet flow of elegance, natural and unaffected, which never fails to intereſt the heart. In ſhort, they always breathe an earneſt wiſh for the public good, and an ardent love of virtue. With theſe ſuperior qualities ſhe had perſonal attractions, which no doubt contributed, in ſome meaſure, to the King's reſolution. "She poſſeſſed all the charms we can imagine to exiſt, independent of the bloom of youth: Her hands and arms were beautiful; the lower part of her face was agreeable beyond expreſſion. Her ſtature and

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air were inimitably graceful; there was a peculiar vivacity and signification in her look; her smile, too, was so highly expressive, that one might often know what she had said, without hearing her words; the brilliancy of her eyes, contrasted with the uncommon whiteness of her skin, was like the sparkling of fire amid snow. Her lively wit, and even her beauty, remained unimpaired by years. Whatever slight injuries her charms had sustained, she was able to repair by the arts of dress—by those graces which belong alike to every age—by modesty, the most estimable of all, and a thousand amiable qualities which are proof against the depredations of time.

3. In the present situation of Lewis XIV. he had absolute need of a person capable of taking direction of the ceremonies of his court, and his household. The Dauphiness, since the Queen's death, had shewn as little inclination as formerly, to undertake the public duties incumbent on the first personage at court. Always alike solitary and unsocial, she never thought of making her house a retreat for the King and his courtiers, where they might find agreeable amusement at a leisure hour, or pleasing relaxation from the fatigues of business. Besides, the King's children were now growing up; these, being the fruits of his amorous engagements, were the more dear to him, that he saw them without resources, and entirely dependent upon his affection. He had two Princes and three Princesses by Madame de Montespan, who must be educated, well attended, and established in the world. Their mother, after the Queen's death, by a train of arrogant pretensions, flattered herself that Lewis, with a view to insure the rank of his children, would break off his connexion with Madame de Maintenon, and bestow his hand on her. What a disgraceful union would this have been! But, by making choice of a virtuous and intelligent woman, the King was assured that, from motives of gratitude and friendship, she would take every necessary care of his children's education; that she would save him much trouble in the management of his private household affairs; that by her merit, and the respect she would command, she might overrule any disputes that arose among his children, when they grew up; whether among themselves, or with the other Princes, of whom the fecundity of the Dauphiness promised a numerous family; that he himself would find in this connexion, not only the pleasure of unreserved confidence, but the greatest attention to his health and ease, when age and infirmity should overtake him. In all these points of view, then, it must be allowed, that this marriage was useful, and even necessary, to Lewis XIV.

But,

But, on the part of Madame de Maintenon, it was perhaps a facrifice.

Madame de Maintenon has been accufed of inftigating the King to the revocation of the edict of Nantz, but, we believe, without foundation. Her regard for what fhe deemed religion was exhibited in her foundation of St. Cyr, where fhe fpent part of her time before, and all of it after the death of Lewis. And while in this retirement, fhe received a vifit of curiofity from the Czar, Peter the Great, and this was the laft circumftance worth noticing that happened to her from the time of her going there to that of her death, which happened foon after.

The Hiftory of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Pruffia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 160.)

PEACE had been concluded nine months, and I was forgotten. At laft, however, when I fuppofed all hope was loft, on the 24th of December, Count Schlieben, Lieutenant of the Guards arrived, and brought orders for my releafe!

My doors, for the laft time, refounded! Several people entered; their countenances were more than ufually cheerful, and the Sub-Governor at their head, at length, faid, "This time, my dear Trenck, I am the joyful meffenger of good news. Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on the King to let your irons be taken off."—Accordingly to work went the fmith.—"You fhall, alfo," continued he, "have a better apartment."—"I am free then," faid I, "and you are afraid to tell me fo too fuddenly. Speak! fear not! I can moderate my tranfports."

"Then you are free!" was the reply.

The Sub-Governor firft embraced me, and afterwards his attendants.

The fmith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room: congratulations were univerfal, and the Town-Major adminiftered the oath cuftomary to all ftate prifoners.

1ft. That I fhould avenge myfelf of no man.

2dly. That I ſhould neither enter the Pruſſian nor Saxon ſtates.

3dly. That I ſhould never relate, by ſpeech, or in writing, what had happened to me.

4thly. And that, ſo long as the King lived, I ſhould neither ſerve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the Imperial Miniſter, General Riedt, in Berlin, to the following purport: That he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the King; and that I muſt cheerfully obey the requiſitions of Count Schlieben, whoſe orders were to accompany me to Prague.

The time of my impriſonment at Magdeburg was nine years, five months, and ſome days; add to theſe the ſeventeen months impriſonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years of the prime of my life.

On the 2d of January, I arrived, with Count Schlieben, ſafely at Prague, and the ſame day he delivered me to the then Governor, the Duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindneſs and diſtinction; we dined with him two ſucceſſive days, and all Prague was anxious to ſee a man who had ſurmounted ten years of ſufferings, ſo unheard-of as mine. Here I received 3000 florins, and paid General Riedt his 300 ducats, which he had advanced Count Schielben, for the expences of my journey, the repayment of which he demanded, in his letter, although he had already received 10,000 florins. The expence of returning I alſo paid to Schlieben, made him a preſent, and provided myſelf with ſome neceſſaries. After remaining a few days at Prague, a courier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is moſt worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay 40 florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a ſtrong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My ſword was demanded; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers, entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchaſe, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up 1000 florins more, in Prague, to defray theſe expences, and was obliged, in Vienna, to pay the Captain 50 ducats, for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this, what were the ſenſations of my ſoul! I ought to have re-entered Vienna, in triumph, like the martyr of his country, haſtening to receive his reward; I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was ſent, as a priſoner, to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of Lieutenant Blonket, with orders that I ſhould be ſuffered to write to

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no one, ſpeak to no one, without a ticket from the counſellors Kempf or Huttner. Theſe good gentlemen, during my imprisonment, had been the adminiſtrators of my effects!

Thus I remained ſix weeks: At length, the Colonel of the regiment of Poniatowſky, the preſent Field-Marſhal, Count Alton, ſpoke to me. I related what I ſuppoſed were the reaſons of my being thus kept a priſoner in Vienna; and to the exertions of this worthy man am I indebted that the abominable intentions of my enemies were fruſtrated, which were to have me impriſoned, during life, as inſane, in the fortreſs of Gratz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been loſt, and I ſhould certainly have pined away the poor remainder of my life, in a madhouſe.

Count Alton, however, ſpoke of me, and my hard deſtiny, to the Counteſs Paar, miſtreſs of the ceremonies to the Empreſs-Queen, a noble minded lady. The late Emperor entered the chamber, while I was the ſubject of diſcourſe, and aſked whether I never had any lucid intervals. "May it pleaſe your Majeſty," anſwered Alton, "he has now been ſeven weeks, in cuſtody, at my barracks, and I never in my life met a more reaſonable, or a more agreeable man. There muſt be ſomething myſterious in this affair, or he could not be treated as a madman, or ſo repreſented at court. That he is not ſo, in any-wiſe, I pledge my honour."

The next day, the Emperor ſent Count Thurn, grand maſter of the Arch-Duke Leopold, to ſpeak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philoſopher, and a lover of his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice ſold at Vienna, during my impriſonment; to him demonſtrated that my adminiſtrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be impriſoned for life, and they remain undiſturbed in poſſeſſion of my effects. We converſed together two hours, during which many things were ſaid, that prudence will not permit me here to repeat. I gained his confidence, and his heart, and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promiſed protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the Emperor.

I ſpoke with freedom; the audience laſted more than an hour. At length the Emperor was ſo moved that he roſe from his ſeat, and retired into the next apartment; I ſaw the tears drop from his eyes. With ſympathetic enthuſiaſm, I fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and wiſhed for the preſence of a Rubens, or Apelles, to preſerve a ſcene ſo highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the ſenſations of an

innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, and compassionate prince. I feel myself unequal to do his memory that justice it deserves. Words I had none; but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.—The Emperor tore himself from me, and I departed with sensations, such as only those can know who, themselves being virtuous, have, unfortunately, met with vile and wicked men.

(To be continued.)

Answer, by W. W. of Sturminster, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inserted May 28.

WHEN lovely spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws;
By meand'ring streams with Delia oft I rove,
Where the sweet-smelling PRIMROSE decks the grove;
Cowslips and daisies paint the smiling field,
And blushing roses grateful fragrance yield.

†§† We have received the like answer from R. Hawkey, of Creed; W. R. of Treneague; J. Rogers, of Exon; Alphonso, and J. Chivers, of St. Austell; A. Apsey, of Taunton; and T. Roberts, near Lostwithiel.

Answer, by Fidelio, of Bath, to T. Whibby's Rebus, inserted May 28.

THE sweet CANARY's sprightly song
Hath melody with strength combin'd;
To her indeed such powers belong,
As charm the ear, and sooth the mind.

‡‖‡ We have received the like answer from J. Collins, of Uffculm; J. Selwood, of Stockland-school; W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; R. Salter, of Bodmin; J. Ralph, of Wellington; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; W. R. of Treneague; T. Roberts, near Lostwithiel; a youth of Tiverton; J. Chivers, and Alphonso, of St. Austell; P. Lyttelton, Tywardreath; T. T. S. of Exeter; J. Bulgin, of Castle Cary; T. Taylor, Bickington; S. Hill, near Dawlish; and R. Hawkey, of Creed.

Answer,

Anſwer, by J. Rogers, of Exeter, to T. Taylor's Anagram, inſerted May 28.

ON Chriſtmas-day a ſong of praiſe we ſing,
To celebrate the birth of Chriſt our King;
Then let us all with joy CAROL that day
In which was born the cauſer of my lay;
And now I will let ſtand your *C R L*,
Put *A* where *O* is, then 'twill be CORAL.

‖‡‖ We have received the like anſwer from R. Hawkey, of Creed; and J. Chivers, and Alphonſo, of St. Auſtell.

A QUESTION, *by Sciolus, of Briſtol.*

WHAT's oft us'd by a Britiſh laſs,
Who in beauty doth ſurpaſs,
And by thoſe in foreign nations,
You may find from theſe equations:

$$\text{GIVEN } x+y+z=21$$
$$x^2-y^2+z^2=231$$
$$8z-y^3=83$$

A CHARADE, *by T. Brockedon, of Kingſbridge.*

GO ſcrutinize yon ſhady grove,
For there my firſt is found;
Part of a river next explain,
'Tis eaſy to expound.
Cement theſe parts, without a doubt,
A town in Kent you will make out.

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‡*‡ *R Dugger declares the Charade inſerted as his the 23d of July was really his own Production, though he does not deny receiving the Aſſiſtance of an intimate Acquaintance; and he calls upon the Correſpondent who brought the Charge to come forth and prove the truth of it.*

‡‖‡ *Our Correſpondents who ſend Queſtions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuſſes, or Anagrams, are requeſted to ſend with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwiſe they cannot be inſerted.*

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

[From " A Norfolk Tale; or A Journey from London to Norwich.]

'TWAS in the middle of a down,
Remote from village or from town,
Where a black-bellied cloud outshed
Its dire contents upon my head:
And I, alas! poor luckless fellow,
Had neither great coat nor umbrella.

In this distress, on my left hand,
I see a little cottage stand:
With joy I see; and helter-skelter
I to the cottage run for shelter.
The door was open—in I go;
But ah! my Kit! what scenes of woe
Present themselves? First on a bed
A husband, in his prime, lies dead:
Lies dead, with scarce a rag to hide
His lifeless limbs. At the bed-side
A weeping widow sits and sighs,
And lifts to Heaven her piteous eyes;
While three sweet orphans, round her, cry
For bread, which she cannot supply.
" Oh! God (said I, and rubb'd my brow)
" Why have I not a fortune now?
" But can I nothing—nothing give,
" These fellow-creatures to relieve?
" Yes!—I can give a shroud to lay
" That naked corse in kindred clay.
" Yes!—I can give, wherewith to save
" His wife and children from the grave,
" This week.—The next, kind Heav'n may send
" A richer, not more feeling friend."

So ſaying, from my purſe I drew
And on the lap of ſorrow threw
Three ſilver crowns—'twas all I ſwear,
My little ſcanty fob could ſpare!

Eager ſhe ſeiz'd my hand and preſs'd
It cloſely to her throbbing breaſt:
And while it on her boſom lies,
A pair of pearls drop from her eyes,
Warm as the weeper's grateful heart,
And fall on the uncover'd part.
Dear drops! ah! cold your briny ſtain
A laſting mark on me remain;
Not Francis Stigmata* would be
A cauſe of jealouſy to me!
Two other drops, before they fell,
(Yes, Kit! I'm not aſham'd to tell)
I intercept, as down they flow
Her cheeks, that now begin to glow:
My face upon her face I fix;
And with her tears my tears I mix.

And now the heav'ns appear'd ſerene,
As if to witneſs this laſt ſcene:
And Sol ſeem'd willing to repay
His abſence with a brighter ray
Than uſual at the cloſe of day.

Three miles, I ween, or nearly ſo,
To Hingham yet I had to go:
But ne'er was ſuch a ſpace of ground
Leſs tireſome to a trav'ller found.
Tho' cold, and wetted to the ſkin,
I felt a foſtering flame within,
Which made me totally forget
That I was cold; that I was wet!

Jeſus of Nazareth, how true
The doctrines firſt announc'd by you!
Whether, in a diſciple's name,
We, for a cup of water claim
A recompenſe; or for a ſtore
Beſtow'd of the moſt precious ore;

This

* See the Legend in Bonaventure, or the Roman Breviary.

This ore, that cup, ev'n here on earth,
Are recompens'd beyond their worth.
Can there a greater boon be giv'n
To mortal man by bounteous Heav'n,
Than the delight supreme that flows
From mitigating human woes?

Inscription engraved on a very large and ancient Yew Tree, in the Park of Himley Hall, Staffordshire, the Seat of Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward.

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, *Esq.*

THIS stately yew, which has for ages stood,
The gloomy monarch of its native wood!
Perhaps some Norman Baron planted here,
Who liv'd by rapine, and who rul'd by fear;
The tree a symbol of its master's mind,
Emblem of death, and fatal to mankind!
Beneath its boughs no verdant plants are seen,
Its baneful branches poison every green;
And thus the feudal tyrant's hated reign
Oppress'd the village, and laid waste the plain.
To these dire scenes an happier age succeeds—
No despot threatens, and no vassal bleeds!
At Himley now the poor man finds relief,
Forgets his poverty, and checks his grief—
Raises his languid eyes, and drooping head,
To bless the liberal hand that gives him bread;
While in the mansion mirth and song attend,
To cheer the stranger, and delight thefriend.
Yet still the yew, tho' hastening to decay,
Retains the venom of its pristine day;
Its branches still their gloomy nature show,
And frown upon the cheerful scene below*.

* The hill on which this tree stands is so high, that its branches seem to overhang the house.

On Bernini's celebrated Statue of Apollo and Daphne.

WHOE'ER the charms of fleeting beauty wooes,
Inanity or ruin but pursues;
His hands with unsubstantial leaves he fills,
Or the black berries' poisonous juice distils.